O, the Divell take ſuch cozeners, God forgive me,
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you h ve not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliver them up without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you: my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scrope*:
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: upon my life it will do well.
Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our ſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how it doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot.